

You have no Control

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by [SeraphiraLilith](#)

Summary

What if Technoblade and Philza had actually managed to find Blob in the original Run?
What would have happened then?

Notes

A great thanks and shout out to Layzpotato for inspiring me with one of their comments! (If they still remember, that is ^^)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Technoblade and Philza stared up at the mushroom cloud hovering above the crater where their new hideout had been.

A *Nuke* .

The devastated land was gigantic.

A weapon like that could blow up the mountain their Ravine was hidden inside without a single problem.

Tommy *knew* where Pogtopia was.

They weren't *safe* anymore. They needed to *leave* .

Techno and Phil exchanged a single glance, reaching the same conclusion.

But that was not even what they had been here for.

Some of Phil's crows had returned after missing for *weeks* , babbling away about a "*sad man by the coast*" and "*explosions*" and "*Canceling TommyInnit, so Not Pogchamp.*"

They were looking for whatever those little beasts were refusing to give a straight answer about.

And maybe if it wasn't as bad as it sounded they could hide with the man by the coast while looking for a new location for their base.

So, with a nod and without a single word they split up and started wandering in different directions to find the coast the crows had been talking about.

Phil flew off further into the snowy biome, putting more distance between them and the Claimed Land.

Technoblade wandered to the side, still away from the Claimed Land but not exactly gaining distance.

After hours of walking, preserving his stamina should the need to run or fight arise, stumbled the warrior over a spruce forest.

The poor thing was thinned out and light, trees standing far apart and they looked rather unhealthy.

He took a deep breath and his snout scrunched up at the smell of saltwater and rotten fish.

He was close to the ocean.

Technoblade looked around the forest, and stared at the chopped-off tree trunks spread all over the forest.

It had been thinned out by humans and hadn't actually grown so pathetically by nature.

His ear flicked and he shuffled around a bit. He couldn't imagine that somebody went all this way just to collect some *wood* .

Something or *somebody* had to be around.

Maybe he found what they were looking for.

But he still wasn't quite sure if he wanted to encounter the person who was here, or their build – but there was a certain curiosity ingrained in every living thing to find out what it was surrounded by, so Technoblade set off to explore.

He found grass planes that merged into a beach leading to the ocean. Some parts were more like a cliff.

All in all, it didn't look like a *bad place to live* .

Were it not for the smell.

The stench was like a punch in the face.

The odour of the ocean with seaweed, dead fish and salt clung to the entire coast, a slight hint of tree-sap and pine wavered over from the forest, alleviating the awful scent a bit.

And then there were smells that Technoblade knew all too well:

Fear. Blood. Sweat. Rot.

The stench of humanity. Of battlefields. Of captivity. Of somebody wasting away.

The biting flavour of gunpowder and sulfur was clinging to the air stubbornly.

This place got in contact with TNT. Regularly.

He stepped out into the open field carefully and hesitantly, ready to make a run for it, should the need arise.

He found a sign claiming the place to be named "**Logstedshire**" and with the sign he had also found two fortified buildings, one made out of cobble, the other one of spruce wood. Both looked absolutely horrid from an aesthetical viewpoint.

A bit further down, overlooking the ocean, was a white tent. It was far from pristine and probably saw better days, but it was still intact and standing.

There was a fire crackling close to the wooden fortress with a metal pot swaying over it and bubbling away.

Techno wandered a bit closer and took another whiff. It was some form of stew.

Somebody was most definitely close by.

Techno's ears flicked, making gold jewellery clink together when he heard faint footsteps drawing closer.

Whoever it was, they were either terrible at staying quiet, or very confident.

He doesn't think he's ever heard someone in a place like this move as obviously as this person.

They appeared in his peripheral vision unceremoniously, simply striding into it and wandering further until he could see them without any struggle.

It was... odd behaviour. Innocent. Trusting. Open.

"Hello there, stranger. Are you a friend of Tommy's? Do you want to be here? Or are you lost?"

Techno frowned at the strange greeting, spoken in a brittle voice and awkward wording, turning towards the man who was talking.

He looked awful.

Thin as a twig.

Ratty, dirty, torn and patched up clothes hanging off a too-small frame, even though they looked like they might not even fit Tubbo correctly.

Matted, long hair that might have been a very dark blonde or brown at some point - Techno wouldn't be surprised if fleas were living in it.

He had a stubble along his chin and jawline – it was growing wild and ragged and awkward and would probably be shaved off the very second this person got a chance to enter civilization.

Suntanned skin – in that splotchy and unhealthy way, when you got exposed to sun suddenly and constantly – was obscured behind a thin layer of dirt, a pattern of silvery pale scars shimmering through their cover, all of them uneven and badly healed, some were molten starbursts and others long jagged lines.

The teeth that were bared in a tentative smile were yellowed and in some spots turning brown, one tooth was missing, a few others were chipped.

The probably most notable part of this man were his eyes – their colour was a dull, leafy green, that might have looked pretty if it weren't for the fact that they looked lifeless, *dead* ... the eyes of a walking corpse.

One of the first things Zombies always lost in their process of decay were their eyes, the soft and squishy material rotting quickly and efficiently, leaving the creatures to follow sound and scent alone – if Techno were to guess, he'd say with certainty and without hesitation that this man's eyes were what Zombie eyes would look like, if they weren't gone so quickly.

"I... my associates and I don't see eye to eye him, but we know Tommy.",

decided the Piglin Hybrid to say, each word enunciated slowly and hesitantly, so that he could take it back the very second it made the coast-man tense up,

"I was... looking for you?"

Because this had to be what the crows talked about, this had to be the *"sad man by the coast"* ; Techno had never seen something more pitiful than this person in his entire life.

Dull green eyes widened, chapped and scarred lips parting slightly in shock.

"Oh... I mean... that's not exactly good?"

Techno scoffed at the hesitant words, studying the man in front of him.

[Dream hey Dream hiii hi hi heyy :D wait didn't it say it/its pronouns and to call it Blob? No, that's the wrong storyline idiot! Ohhhh oops XD lol LOL fail]

Techno's ears flicked at the increase in volume.

This... was Dream?

He couldn't see it.

The man seemed to attempt to pull himself together, giving the warrior a picture-perfect smile that simply didn't fit onto his face.

"Anyways. My name is Blob, Tommy sometimes calls me Blobby. It's nice to meet you."

"... likewise. I'm Technoblade.",

Techno drawled out the reply, it felt obvious to him that his words weren't genuine, but Blob lit up anyways.

"Hello, Technoblade. Really, so nice to meet you. Do you want me to show you around? Logstedshire is rather pretty, the beach is nice?",

Blob. Dream? Flittered around the site, looking into the pot filled with the decently smelling stew, stirring it for a bit,

"Want something to eat? I was able to catch a rabbit a few days ago."

"Uhhh... sure. I'll take some?"

Gods spare him and guide his words, ***social interactions***, his greatest and most feared enemy.

The man gave him an excited smile, reminding Techno a bit of an overeager puppy, before motioning for him to take a seat on a stripped, worn log lying a bit away from the fire.

"Come, take a seat, take a seat, make yourself comfortable."

Dream? Hands him a crudely made wooden bowl filled with the stew.

It smelled good enough, Techno guessed. It looked rather watered down, and there were little pieces of flesh and carrots and potatoes, as well as some apparently edible roots and wild-grown herbs floating around.

He's definitely seen worse. Most of the stuff Wilbur threw together was barely consumable on a good day.

Blob? Dream? Had taken a seat on the ground, closer to the fire, with his own bowl of the stew and was already gulping it down greedily, taking a second helping as soon as he was done with the first.

... and he kept going. The third, the fourth, the fifth portion were all devoured with the same desperation.

The man looked genuinely *sick* and *nauseated* , but he still kept eating, forcing his body to take in even more food.

It was distressing and scary to watch. Technoblade wanted to stop the other more than once, but a part of him knew that it wasn't smart. Whoever this man actually was, Dream or not, he probably didn't get to eat this decently regularly, considering how malnourished he looked. So this was probably this person's best attempt to compensate for lack of sustain.

While... Dream. That was probably Dream. Was distracted Techno pulled out his communicator, messaging his father that he found Dream- the sad man by the coast.

He looks back at the man who's currently taking a break from eating.

"Hey, Blob. You've lived here on the Server for a while, right?"

Blob nodded happily at the question.

"Did you know someone named '**Dream**' by any chance? My associates and I have been looking for him for a while."

Blob? *Dream*? Tensed at the question, staring at the fire as his face fell and turned into a doll-like, neutral expression, green eyes that had already looked lifeless, turning glassy and absolutely *soulless* .

Technoblade flinched when *Chat* began to scream about the man probably not even having a *Code* anymore.

Blob moved as if he was a puppet with its strings cut, head rolling to the side, then back so that he could look at the warrior who had to suppress a violent shiver and do his best to not just get up and *flee* from how wrong the person in front of him felt.

Dream? Blob? gave him a smile that was so fake and empty, but still looked almost genuine on his face, his hackles actually rose because of how unsettling it was. It was like this person was the incarnation of all those murder puppets from horror movies.

"No, I don't think I ever heard of somebody who goes or went by that name."

"You have something that is mine."

Three men froze at the familiar voice, the voice they had hoped to never hear again. A voice that sent shivers down their spine and poured dread straight into their gut.

Only the fourth of the group moved, whirling around to see his... ~~abuser friend tormentor~~
~~guardian warden helper captor~~

to see **Tommy** at the top of a hill, in full enchanted netherite, his bow already in hand together with a couple of arrows, obviously prepared to take a shot at them, should they try to flee.

Blob, no, wait, he was supposed to be *Dream*, looked at his ~~kidnappers? friends?~~
~~companions? enemies?~~ not knowing what to do now that they had actually been found.

A few hours after Technoblade arrived at his Exile, Philza had shown up, asking some weird questions and looking at him strangely with unsettlingly blue eyes the entire time.

Blob ~~No! Dream! He was Dream now!~~ had been startled more than once by how similar to Tommy the man appeared. He obviously *knew* that the man wasn't Tommy, simply his father. But in their case the apple really didn't fall far from the tree – frightening aura and an unsettling feeling of *wrongness* included.

The immortal duo had talked out of his earshot for a while, before they suddenly decided to pack Blob's most essentials up despite his protests. He didn't want to lose all his stuff *again* after all! Not when Tommy had *finally* started to allow him to keep more things!

But then Technoblade had gripped his upper arm, telling him that he'd come with them, now, and dragged him away.

Of course Blob ~~it was Dream! Fuck!~~ had tried to reason with both, father and son. Laughing nervously as he explained that he wasn't allowed to leave. That Tommy wouldn't like him being gone. That they'd all get in serious trouble if he just *vanished* without a warning. That he was happy to make new friends and sure, he liked them. But *please* let him stay.

They didn't.

They pulled him away even as he struggled against the warrior's grasp. Even as he clung to trees and dug his heels into sand and dirt.

After an hour or so of putting up a fight he finally gave up, falling limp in Technoblade's grasp, which made the Piglin Hybrid pick him up to carry him over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes instead.

After that started the most familiar-feeling, strange, tiring journey of Blob's life.

They kept on constantly walking in one direction – away from the Claimed Lands and Tommy. Half of the time Technoblade carried him piggyback, because he couldn't walk anymore and was two steps away from collapsing because of exhaustion.

At one point they stumbled over a herd of wild horses, which made the warrior stop to try and tame three of them to make their travels quicker. Something about the entire situation made a part in Blob's (*Dream?*) brain just... **click** and he slowly, carefully approached a grey horse. He noticed Philza sitting up from where they had been resting while waiting for Techno, but the avian didn't stand up, merely watching with scarily blue eyes and burning intensity.

He reached out for the horse slowly, allowing it to draw away from him at any given moment and giving it time to take in his scent.

It wasn't hard for him to seem non-threatening.

And when he was able to actually swing himself onto the horse's back the animal didn't startle or try to buck him off, or *anything* , really. It stayed calm and kept grazing as if nothing had happened.

And some part in the back of Blob's (*no. It's **Dream**. You know it's Dream*) mind *broke* , making tears blur his sight and flow over as he clung to the horse's mane, draping himself along its back as he genuinely started crying and sobbing as a feeling of incomprehensible *loneliness* and **loss** hit him straight in the guts like the most vicious suckerpunch.

He *missed* something so deeply and *badly* and *he couldn't remember who or what it was, but they were **gone**.*

Neither of his kidnappers made a comment about it and he got to keep the horse. When Technoblade asked him if he wanted to name it, his voice ended up stuck in his throat, so he just nodded and whispered that he had a name for it, when he could finally articulate himself again.

Neither asked him what it was, and his mount was only referred to as *your horse* or *his horse* . It was better like this.

It was after maybe one week of riding that the third member of his group of kidnappers also arrived on horseback.

Blob (~~*Dream*~~) *did* know this man. Wilbur Soot.

Ex-president of L'Manburg and runaway from his very own country the last time Tommy mentioned his older brother.

They never stopped travelling, gaining more and more distance as the three men tried to explain to Blob that he was actually Dream. That Tommy had been breaking, manipulating and destroying him. That he had been the admin of the Server, and that he should still have the inherent right to control this realm, even if he also gave Tommy that power.

And the problem was - a part of him, a tiny, crippled, half-dead voice was *aware* that they were speaking the truth. But he was scared. So horribly terrified of the mere *idea* that he might be anything more than Blob – he blocked.

He was dragged back to the group after trying to run away so many different times.

Of course, staying with Philza and his older sons had its perks.

Blob got steady meals multiple times a day. They talked to him and asked him if he was okay with doing some stuff – many things were still demanded from him, but it was a lot nicer than how Tommy was. And they never took anything away from him, never destroyed his belongings or actually injured him.

When the sixteenth came and *nothing* happened, couldn't help himself but to have a breakdown that lasted for about the entire day, his brain and body unable to comprehend that he didn't have to run for his life.

His... *friends*? Travelling companions refused to call him anything but '*Dream*', but that was fine. He could handle that.

And after months of travelling he almost felt... whole again? Definitely better.

But all of that came crashing down when a few of Philza's crows vanished. And then one returned heavily injured.

And Chat started talking about Tommy pursuing them — and *catching up*.

The urgency with which all three men started bearing down on him was stifling. He needed to remember that he was Dream *now*. He needed to find his Admin Powers *right this instant*.
Do you really want to be back with Tommy, Dream?!

He felt feral, backed into a corner and so *so* terribly *scared*.

He never *asked* for this!

But he promised that he was *really really* trying! He begged them to give him a bit more time! He'd surely figure it out.

He found himself getting dragged into sparring matched by Technoblade, which ended with him bruised and bloody as the warrior patched him up, telling stories about manhunts and an oncoming duel Dream never got to participate in.

He was seated in front of Philza every evening, guided through hours of meditation and told stories about Gods and Admins and their connections to their Servers and the Multiverse.

And Wilbur... Blob found himself grabbed by the collar of his shirt, by his shoulders when Philza and Techno weren't looking. Being shaken and screamed in the face that he needed to *pull himself together and go back to normal!*

Three days ago they lost their horses. They were resting for the night, and when they woke up the animals were dead. No obvious signs what happened to them besides some foam around their mouths – poison.

It made a part of Blob's stomach collapse with a sort of *deja-vu* and *dread* he never felt before, causing him to collect all the water in their camp and pouring it out as his companions protested at his fanatic, hysterical attempt to *make sure they don't drink the poison all the water has been poisoned don't drink the water* ***Sapnap!***

After that day Tommy had been so close they could see him from time to time.

And now he was upon them. On top of the hill, bow and arrows in hand.

"Last time I checked we took a great amount of nothin' with us!", hollered Technoblade back, Axe of Peace in hand. A part in Blob's? *Dream's?* ~~*Was he Dream!?*~~ mind whined pathetically at the man *challenging* Tommy.

The white-haired teen scowled on top of the hill, nocking an arrow and aiming for the warrior, making Blob? ~~*Was he even Blob?!*~~ panic at the thought of his *rescuer?* *Friend?* *Rival?* dying.

"Blob. He's mine. Hand him over now and I'll even allow you ungrateful motherfuckers to leave my Server."

Philza took a step forward, wings spread, shielding Blob and Wilbur as much as possible from the enraged Admin's view.

"I'm sorry mate, but no-can-do. Dream's his own person. Not *Blob*, and not your possession.", said the father in an icy tone.

Tommy seemed unimpressed, swivelling his aim and releasing the bowstring before anyone could react.

Blob registered Wilbur's shout of pain barely as the man sank to the ground, the arrow stuck in his shoulder.

This... was real.

"That was my warning shot.", called Tommy, obviously unbothered that he just shot his brother, making Blob freeze at the familiar concept.

Next, the hunt would start.

Wilbur was currently cursing up a storm, breaking off the shaft of the arrow as close to his skin as possible before tearing off a strip of his coat, using it to wrap up the worst of the wound with the tip still stuck inside.

Blob would really like to faint now. Or to wake up back in exile, when things had been easy and made sense.

Philza couldn't move to help his son without exposing his back.

Same for Technoblade.

Blob simply *couldn't get his body to do more than breathe*; too shallow, too fast, no air reaching his lungs.

Tommy had the high ground, was a short distance away, and had a long-range weapon already in hand.

Until Philza or Technoblade had summoned a bow or crossbow into their hand, nocked it, and sent the first arrow or bolt flying, they would already hit the floor with a flint-tip stuck in their shoulder, eye, or throat.

And all of them knew this.

"Tommy, you don't have to do this. Just give up this madness. Return his full Admin rights to Dream willingly, and dissolve the Borders. This doesn't have to end in violence!", pleaded Philza.

But Blob (~~*It was Dream! He knew it was Dream... he couldn't be Dream...*~~) could see it in Tommy's Soul-Fire eyes and cool expression.

The teen wouldn't give up. In the grand scheme of things, Tommy had little to lose in this situation.

He *knew* this. His heart wailed about this fact with every beat.

"I see no reason why I should throw away all my hard work over nothing, old man!", spat Tommy, glaring them down like a vengeful god, here to bring justice to the world and make right what is wrong.

"I gave all of you chances to be happy with what you've got! It all could have been *perfect* if not for you!"

The young Admin's eyes found Blob (~~oh Gods he wanted to be Dream~~), whose knees almost buckled beneath the sheer pressure of Tommy's gaze and presence.

"I expected better of you. You were finally on your way of being *better*, Blob."

He gasped as if the teen had punched him in the stomach. His disappointment was *so much worse* than any physical injury Blob ever had to endure.

"This is your last chance. Give up and return. Face the consequences and I'll strive to handle them fairly. Or fight. And I'll fight back.

And I'll hunt each and every one of you down to drag you back and do as I see fit. One. *By. One.*"

Blob shook where he stood. Surrounded by people who had tried to help him. Who obviously meant the best for him.

... he couldn't allow them to go through all that.

Before he could overthink what he was about to do, he lunged for Philza, tearing the avian's sword from his hip and grabbing around the man's torso, dragging him away from the group and Wilbur's startled shout and Technoblade's alarmed expression as the warrior whirled around.

He pressed the blade of the sword against Philza's throat with tears in his eyes, shaking from stress and exhaustion, already sobbing wildly and uncontrollably.

"I'm sorry! I'm so so fucking sorry!"

He couldn't see anything anymore through the blur of his tears. Barely hear anything but his hitching breath and punched-out cries.

He couldn't know that on the top of the hill, Tommy was smiling.

End Notes

And that's it with "History"

This last part was one that absolutely killed me with four rewrites and what felt like ten writer blocks.

But I got it!

I'm still happy about all comments, bookmarks and kudos (in that direct order)

And I'll probably die from happiness should I get fanart, animatics, or inspired works.

(You can find me as @SeraphiraLilith on instagram ^^')

With that being said. A big thank you to everyone who followed this story until this point. I hope I'll see you all in my next stories as well (should the writer block stay away long enough for me to finish my currently planned OS and maybe the next chapter of Motherly Touch...)

On another note: I think I should at least say a short thing about Technoblade? Considering that he is a part of this work and was my comfort Youtuber and all that...

I will continue writing about him for as long as I can. Because I feel the greatest disservice I can do to him, is to contribute to him being forgotten.

So I'll try to keep his memory and legacy alive for as long as possible.

Rest in peace, King. We all will miss you. You did great and Technoblade will not be forgotten as long as we can do something about it. Blood for the Blood God o7

I'll see you all when Time Ends.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!